



SEB J. Pierpont Morgan is going to give an art museum to the city," remarked The Clear-Store Man.

"Well," said The Man Higher Up, "he won't be the first come-on that ever passed a gold brick over to the city after he found out that it wouldn't stand the acid test. There is about a cord of gold bricks up at Police Headquarters that have been handed over to the police by the wise guys that bought them.

"I fall to these stories that come from Paris and London to the effect that J. Pierpont has been stung on some of the paintings worked off on him by the dealers. It don't possibly dope out that one man can know every-

"They can't fool you on tobacco or cigar boxes and you wouldn't buy any counterfeit revenue tax stamps or cigarettes stuffed with hay. If you go to buy a hat they won't try to sell you a dip of the style of Oscar Hammeisen's, and in buying a suit of clothes or other wearing apparel you stand to get a run for your money. Maybe you could get the best of a horse trade, but if a man came in here and showed you a landscape, with the stall that it was painted by an old master, you wouldn't be able to tell whether it was the goods or was turned out by a chromo factory in East Houston street. The chances are that if he wanted a large amount of real money for it you would tell him to take his picture and stick it on a billboard.

"Every rich man has a fad. Some run to horses, some to yachts, some to automobiles, some to soubrettes, and some to art. For Mr. Morgan the art thing. He was raised in Connecticut and a bank and could spot a phoney \$10,000 stock certificate with his eyes shut and his hands securely wrapped in a Turkish towel. But he'd have to show me before he could prove that he knows whether a picture was painted by Michael Angelo in Rome a few hundred years ago or by George Washington Perkins in an attic in the Latin Quarter of Paris in 1899.

"Personally I know that J. Pierpont has been the softest mark for a gang of youths who live by their wits in this town that ever happened. They have dumped works of art on him that would be refused by Bartholomew O'Connor, the eminent connoisseur who selected the paintings that adorned the walls of McGurk's dance hall on the Bowery.

"At the time of the last yacht race one of these wise youths buttered into J. Pierpont's private office with what he said was a painting of the Columbia. He had turned it out in three hours in his studio in the Aulic Hotel and he wanted \$200 for it. The great financier looked it over and said he wouldn't take it because it wasn't a good likeness of the yacht.

"This wise youth immediately began to spout a line of hot air that would heighten the temperature in Arizona, and finally the great financier says that if his naval architect will say that the painting is a good likeness of the Columbia he will stand for the \$200. Now, the wise guy knew that the painting didn't look any more like the Columbia than it did like a Staten Island ferry-boat, but he needed the money.

"He goes and gets a big photograph of the Columbia. He takes this to the architect and gets a certificate that it is a good likeness of the Columbia. Then he goes and doctors the photograph by some process that I don't know anything about, rushes it around to the corner of Wall and Broad and hands the remuneration."

Mr. Morgan can stand it," said The Clear-Store Man.

"Sure, Mike," replied the Man Higher Up, "but I'd hate to be in his immediate vicinity if he ever gets wise that he's been entered in the Art Snicker class."

WHERE WOMEN AND GIRLS DO THE WORK OF MEN.

TOPSTURVEYDOM prevails in the "Black Country" of England not only in the reeling houses, but in the domestic arrangements, for there the poetical ideal, "women of the hearth," has an interpretation not contemplated by the poet.

The "hearth" is the tiny, often dilapidated, home smithy in which daughters, wives, mothers and even grandmothers toll from morn to eve, heating, hammering, shaping and welding chain links.

Practically all the small chains below three-eighths of an inch in thickness are made by women, less than fifty men being employed on small sizes, whereas the women smiths number in the Chadlev districts alone at least a thousand.

It is a queer industry, for the most part hidden in out-of-the-way corners, the shops mixed up with primitive and neglected outhouses. Unless the constant ring of the anvil aroused his curiosity the unobservant visitor might traverse the place all day without suspecting the existence of this really enormous industry.

Yet he could hardly enter a court or alley in any direction without stumbling upon a chain shop. In many of these six to eight women and girls are employed—four or five is a common number. In one yard alone, appropriately named "Anvil Yard," there must be forty or fifty people at work when the place is in full swing. In one shop a youth and a girl of fourteen to sixteen will be found bending over separate anvils, and hammering

away at heated chain-links, while a few yards away grandfather and grandmother are performing exactly similar operations, as they have been at almost any time during the past half century, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

These women's wages, at best, seldom reach \$3 a week. In the matter of skill nobody dreams of comparing the women unfavorably with the men. In fact, the merchants say that for small work the women, as a rule, may be depended on to turn out a better article than the men, and a careful examination of the chains shows that for finish they have nothing to be desired. At the same time there are exceptions, and Mrs. Edmunds was very indignant at what she calls the "slap-dash" work turned out—a term, as she explains, unknown in her young days, when work was of a distinctly better quality.

Yet even now the amount of work done for the money earned is simply appalling. For small chains, rather over one-eighth of an inch in thickness, \$3.60, per hundred-weight is paid. A hundred-weight of iron contains about 600 feet of chain rod, and each foot produces sixteen links, and for \$3.60, the toller has to cut, shape, weld and finish 9,600 links of chain. Every link has to be twice heated, and the woman worker has to blow the bellows with her left hand while she manipulates her three rods in the fire with her right.

Unless two or three irons were kept simultaneously heating a living could not possibly be made. The toll is constant and the exhaustion after a prolonged day's labor extreme. Formerly the women worked far into the night, and the sound of the hammer scarcely ever ceased. But more than twelve hours a day is now illegal, though in busy times it is said the law is sometimes evaded.

The great majority of the women have households to attend to, and a delicate inquiry as to the homework elicited the response from one of them: "Oh, that has to go undone until we have time. We do that at dinner time and after tea."

Most of the women leave the shops about noon to prepare the midday meal for their husbands, returning to the chain shop immediately it is over. Ability at the anvil is a valuable asset to a marriageable maiden.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.
The Hippopotamus is fond of rolling in the dirtiest places; And, turning from his cleanly pond, With mud obscures his burly graces.

A dainty bath of stagnant slime Is what he never can resist.
'Tis thought he may evolve in time Into a Problem Novelist.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE IDEAL "NEW YORK GIRL," AS LOCAL ARTISTS SEE HER.



DAN SMITH'S IDEA OF WHAT THE NEW YORK GIRL SHOULD BE.

The true type of the New York girl is a subject that is interesting every loyal Gothamite. Here are the opinions of a number of New York's leading artists who stated their ideas of the correct type of Miss New York to an Evening World reporter.

Howard Chandler Christy—There are so many types of New York girl it would be difficult to describe an individual to represent her characteristics. She is in my estimation, however, a woman above medium height.

By Dan Smith, The World's Noted Artist—The manager who wishes to present to the public the typical New York girl should find one with a wealth of hair, an oval face and large, dark eyes. She should be a brunette and should know how to raise her skirts. Moreover, she should out-Paris the Parisians in dress and should always appear perfectly at ease.

Irving M. Wiles—To my mind the Gibson girl presents the type of New York girl. She should be dark and tall, slender, somewhat of a tomboy, and athletic appearance, she should have excellent

poise and be self-possessed. Above all things, she should be well formed, with a fine figure. Her carriage should be marked by the free grace attendant upon good health.

Carl Hinner—If I were to pick out a type for the New York girl I would want her to be a little above medium height, neither a blonde nor a brunette, with light brown hair and the pink and white complexion for which New York women are famous. She should have a well-rounded figure, should be graceful and should indicate in her entire appearance her radiant health—but she should not be athletic. Her walk should be natural, healthy and unaffected. Her eyes should be deep blue, her eyebrows not too strong.

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height or medium complexion, though. The American girl's individuality is based upon her mentality, and the New York girl, I believe, is a good type of the American girl.

BLEMISHES
Moles, Warts, Freckles, Blisters, Liver spots, Red Nose, Red Veins, Superfluous Hair and all Disfiguring, Unightly, Humiliating Blemishes that cloud the complexion safely and permanently removed.

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Amusements
DAVE, THE GREAT
1A GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER



SAVANNAH LOU.

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It was washday at the Higginses and Savannah Lou, the prettiest girl in the settlement, bent over the wash tub.

The night before she had been as gay as the bird that was singing its throat out in the tree above her head. When Waring, the rich young city chap down from Baltimore, in the interest of his lumber firm, entered the log house the dance was at its height, and Savannah Lou, tall and slim as the shaft of the young pine at the door, was standing in the centre of the room with flushed cheeks and parted lips.

Savannah danced with the city man, not once, but many times—she was intoxicated with the attention he paid her. He begged for a promenade in the moonlight, and with a defiant look at Dillingham, standing in gloomy silence against the door, she flittered out, her muslin skirts brushing against him as she passed.

Above the noise of the fiddles Dillingham heard a low, angry cry and slipped out to find a young barbarian queen scrubbing a blazing check with a poor little cotton handkerchief.

"He kissed me," she cried fiercely, running to Dillingham. "I wasn't ever kissed afore—ye know it, Lon. I wanted ye ter be the first. Kill him, kill him," she sobbed. "Kill him fer insultin' me! There was a flash—a report—a heavy fall.

Now, as she washed the clothes in the sun she did not see the man who ran heavily up the rough road until he fell almost at her feet.

"I had ter see ye," he panted. "I loved I had time, but they're hard on me. Ef ye hadn't said what ye did 'bout me a-kissin' ye, I'd got off inter Tennessee."

"Air he dead?" Savannah's voice was hardly above a whisper.

"Jes a scratch on his shoulder," scornfully. "n' a lesson fer his head."

Dillingham sprang to his feet, planted his back against the springhouse and drew his revolver.

"They're comin'," Dillingham panted. "I'm goin' ter make it hot fer 'em."

A look of quick relief flashed into Savannah's white face.

"Do hit!" she implored; "do hit quick, fer me."

"I'll do hit-fer ye—n' be jailed."

The Sheriff and his deputy swept up to the springhouse at a breakneck speed. Savannah was pulling clothes from the line and putting them into her basket—she was singing at the top of her strong young lungs.

The officers dismounted. One of them pushed the springhouse door open and looked in. "You're mighty innocent," he said, "but you're the gal that made the trouble last night—we'll look around a bit."

Savannah gathered more clothes from the line, hung them into the basket and sat on its edge composedly.

"This here basket be a present from Cousin Tilly in South Carolina—brought a good student if you try; are now easily lured away from books, especially by attractive girls; should do one thing at a time and finish without intermission; can thus develop much needed concentration; must also learn to save money; not very imaginative or credulous; intellect is keen, analytical and logical; seldom deceived in people; are terse and direct in speech; better in a up or science than literary or mercantile pursuits; some talent for medicine, also for the stage."

It was some days later that the deputy said to the Sheriff:

"That gal Higgins is a peart—she's the likeliest gal in the county. She had Dillingham in that big basket. All that time she was feedin' us she was holdin' us to let him get away. She's followed him to Tennessee."

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CHARLES HAWORTH "FROM MARKS"

NEW SAVOY THEATRE, 24th St., at B'way.
Evgs., 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.
HENRY MILLER, "THE TAKING OF HELEN."

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The 18th Century.
Morality Play.

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WEST END J. H. STOUTARD IN "THE BONNIE BRIDE DUEL."

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Dr. Edgar C. Beall, the famous phenologist, studies Evening World readers' faces from photograph, and gives practical advice concerning the career in which each is most likely to succeed.

Dr. Beall will reply through The Evening World to any reader over ten years of age who will send a photograph, accompanied by a description of the color of eyes and hair, and the principal nationality of ancestors.



Mrs. E. C. R., New Rochelle—Keen intuitions and almost clairvoyant perceptions; are also very logical in putting ideas together; rarely need to change first impressions of people; not adapted to sedentary pursuits; can walk three miles and earn \$2 while an other woman durns a stocking; are a forceful, earnest, eloquent and convincing talker; will succeed in business as a result of energy, activity, quick judgment and enterprise rather than by hoarding small sums; in a beautiful home; money by turning it over fast; should have had training in elocution; very efficient as matron in educational institution; have a warm heart and lasting attachments; would be a devoted wife and mother.

Miss A. F., Twentieth street—Sentiment and imagination far in excess of intellect; much innate refinement and delicacy of taste; not fitted to battle with the world; lack self-assertion and commercial instinct; many latent talents which could be brought out by study and experience; mind needs exercise on unusual lines; should read more history, biography and science; are loving, good-natured and domestic; would delight in a beautiful home; are skillful in house decoration, dress-making, millinery, etc.; but more inclined to copy than invent new designs; very fond of the drama, opera and all other forms of art except literature; recognize the great truth, should have musical training; or take up any other artistic pursuit you prefer.



H. F. Z. Brooklyn—Very active mind and body; too impatient, incautious, impetuous and venturesome; fond of all outdoor and indoor sports; can become a good student if you try; are now easily lured away from books, especially by attractive girls; should do one thing at a time and finish without intermission; can thus develop much needed concentration; must also learn to save money; not very imaginative or credulous; intellect is keen, analytical and logical; seldom deceived in people; are terse and direct in speech; better in a up or science than literary or mercantile pursuits; some talent for medicine, also for the stage.

Mrs. E. N., Manhattan—Quick of mind and motion; vivacious, aspiring, alert, wide-awake and up-to-date; prefer mope or languish; affections exclusive can give your heart only to your ideal; fond of outdoor amusements; have taste and talent for horticulture, natural history, botany, etc.; love birds and flowers; enjoy traveling, especially in open vehicles; a fine equestrian; crave social prominence; dislike to be outdone as an entertainer; not literary, but have ability for drawing, painting and other forms of art; ideas are liberal regarding money; spontaneous and frank in expressing opinions; might succeed in jewelry business, millinery, photography, dentistry or pharmacy.

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Reserved Every Aft. & Eve.—Full Orchestra.
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Elfie Fay AT THE CIRCLE 60th and 125th B'way. 12:15 & 8:15.

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